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# Puck

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Keppler, Jr.

EASING HER LAST DAYS.



**PUCK.**  
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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

### CONCERNING REPUBLICAN ADVICE.

THE MOST startling bit of Republican advice given to the administration has come from Governor McKinley. In his speech accepting a renomination for the Governorship of Ohio, Mr. McKinley not only punctured the bubble of Democracy, but he took occasion to point out certain radical defects in the nature of Mr. Cleveland which unfit him for any work demanding the use of good sense. Of course this left the country in a bad way, but the Governor did not wickedly exult in his hour of triumph. With broad magnanimity he made the path of wisdom so plain that even a densely stupid President must see it. "If to-day," says the Governor, "the President should officially announce that there would be no change in the industrial legislation of the country, and that the financial situation would be met and solved upon that standard of financial honor which has guided the Republican party since its installation to power in 1861, confidence would at once come back, would it not? Does anybody doubt it? Security would displace alarm." If the country goes to the bow-wows after that, no one can blame Governor McKinley for it. Regrettable as it may be, however, there is an impassable barrier between the administration and the McKinley scheme of salvation. The President might "officially announce" that there would be no change in industrial legislation, but what good would it do? In this beastly American country of ours the people do what "announcing" there is to be done. They have emphatically announced that there shall be changes in industrial legislation, and several millions of them have elected a President and a Congress to make the announcement good. The Governor seems to have curiously misapprehended the powers of the President and the expressed wishes of the people of the United States. We can only describe the above quoted utterance as a piece of "delightful naiveté." We know this phrase belongs to novelists of the Ouida school, but we are forced to use it. We should not be surprised to learn that the Governor concluded his remarks with a girlishly defiant "So there, now!"

### CONCERNING THE *SUN* EDITORIAL.

We have noticed in a few newspapers a disposition to condemn the New York *Sun* for its covertly malicious treatment of President Cleveland. This is unjust to Mr. Dana. He has brought all the power of a great newspaper to the support of the President. He has left nothing unsaid,

which could be said in the *Sun*, to promote the success of the administration. It is a pity he has been misunderstood by over-zealous partisans. The following is a rude model of the kind of *Sun* editorial that angers Democrats:

The absurd denials, by some of our Mugwump contemporaries, of the authenticity of the interview with President Cleveland, published in the *Morning Guff*, will only react to their own confusion. We understand the President has also pronounced the interview false from first to last. That portion of it which seems to have excited adverse comment in certain circles is as follows:

"But," asked the reporter, "do you not think the old soldier is entitled to some recognition—some compensation for his noble—"

"The old soldier be d—d," replied the President warmly. "I'm sick and tired of all this nonsense about the honest veteran. My sympathies were with the South during the war, and I've always been sorry the North won. Besides, I have n't time to think of such trivial matters now. I am to meet a representative of the Bank of England this week, to complete arrangements for a financial panic throughout the United States. Next week I am to meet a committee of British manufacturers to decide upon a tariff which shall impoverish this country by killing its manufacturers. After that I shall put in my time pulling down the American flag, which I thoroughly detest, and in directing a company which has been formed to poison the widows of old soldiers in order to cut down the pension list."

We fail to see anything in the above which can give offense to the admirers of President Cleveland. He has always been manly and outspoken upon all public questions, and the remarks quoted, while they may have been unguarded, are, on the whole, in harmonious accord with the glorious principles of Democracy. In view of the admirable spirit of independence which the President has always shown, we are, we confess, surprised that the wailing of the Mugwump press could have induced him to deny his own words. It may not be amiss to refer here to the plan, which the President is reported to have formed, to redeem Confederate money. When questioned about it, the President affected to treat the report with ridicule. We think the alarm which the proposition has excited is baseless. That the President has long cherished a belief that Confederate money should be redeemed by the Treasury is well known, but we are sure his inherent good sense, no less than his sterling patriotism, will show him the folly of accepting this money at its face value. It should never be received for more than eighty per cent. of its face, and, indeed, we do not think Democrats will approve a higher rate.

After reading this editorial in the *Sun*, in some one of its well-known forms, the average Democrat gets righteously indignant. He compares Mr. Dana to the man who slips a knife into his friend's back while pleasantly conversing with him, and applies to him metaphors of "a snake in the grass" variety. This is all wrong. Mr. Dana learned long ago that the honest approval of the *Sun* is a through ticket to disaster or oblivion, and we regard his peculiar method of warfare upon the President as a proof of his high regard for him. When Mr. Dana damns a man, openly or covertly, his readers know that man is bound to succeed. The *Sun* editorial is a unique specimen of blithe, good-hearted malice. It is a gilded arrow with a poisoned tip. The good Republican finds in it a never-failing balm for his wounded spirit. Of course, he has the ringing editorials of frankly Republican journals, but these have been artificial of late, and sadly inadequate. The *Sun* editorial comforts the good Republican, because it scathingly rebukes him for building up the prosperity of the country. So subtle is its working that he not infrequently attributes its tonic properties solely to his own shrewdness in detecting its inconsistency. May it continue in all its joyous malevolence, so long as Mr. Dana's honest approval carries a fatal blight!



### THE EXACT FACTS.

LAWYER.—You think, then, that your assailant attacked you with malice prepense?

CLIENT.—I dunno, sah—he might 'er had one o' dem kind o' mallets; but de principal thing he used wor a razzor, sah!

### IN CHICAGO DIALECT.

"To-morrow is the Fourth of July," said Mr. Lakeside.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Lakeside, musingly; "the day that this country got its divorce from England."

### MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

"Mrs. Mulcahy," said the Justice, "why did you strike Mrs. Muldoon?"

"Sure, yer Anner," said the defendant, with the air of one who has suffered; "I says to her as pleasant as dho shpakin' to an angel, says I, 'You has brass enough in yer face sufficient to mek a six-quart pail!' An' wid that Missis Muldoon ups an' says, says she, 'It's yersilf as has n't manners enough to fill the half of it, Missis Mulcahy,' says she; an' 't was thin I interrupted her wid a jintle tap, sor."



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#### TIME WILL TELL.

VAN ARNDT.—And so you 're to be married? Who 's the lucky one?  
MISS HIGHHEELS.—Give it up! Ask me a year from now.

#### OF NO INTEREST TO HIM.

CUBBAGE (*fiercely*).—It is very discouraging to a man to have to carry a shrieking baby around the room all night and then to reflect that of such is the kingdom of heaven.

MRS. CUBBAGE (*meekly*).—How can that possibly affect you, dear?

#### THE WAY TO DO IT.

SHOPMAN.—These goods are all marked down, Madam.

FAIR PURCHASER.—Very well; I will take them. But, as they are for presents, you will kindly see that they are all marked up on the tags.

IF VENUS now were on the earth,  
On one thing you could bet:  
Her picture would be given with  
Some third-rate cigarette.



#### HARD LABOR.

DUSTY DOLLIVER.—D' yer find it hard work ter git any grub hereabouts?

RAGGED ROBERT.—Yes; awful hard. Most uv th' houses sits 'way back from th' fence.

#### COWARDICE.

BOBBIE.—The lobster bites hard, but he must be very timid, Mama.

MAMA.—Why so, Bobbie?

BOBBIE.—Why, because he always wears his tail between his legs.

#### IN A TEMPERANCE TOWN.

STAGE MANAGER.—I don't see how you are going to play your 'Ten Nights In a Bar-room' in our theatre; we have no bar-room scene.

COMPANY MANAGER.—That 's all right. Set up your calcium apparatus as a soda fountain, put a directory on a little table, get a few colored glass bottles and we 'll play it in a drug store.

#### A HAYSEED QUERY.

He asked the waiter in accents sweet,  
When his power of speech he found,  
"Does the wind that blows in from the street  
Make these fans go round and round?"

#### TIRED OF IT.

LORD STONEBRAKE.—Let me see, we were talking about those two American heiresses.

LORD OVERDRAFT.—I know we were; but, for heaven's sake, don't let us talk shop any more!

#### CAUTION.

MRS. YOUNGLOVE.—Shall you expect me to bake my own bread?

MR. YOUNGLOVE.—Just as you prefer, dearest; but you need n't bother about baking mine!

#### OPEN TO MISCONSTRUCTION.

SLABBS (*the marble-cutter*).—Have you selected the epitaph, Mrs. Ketchum?

MRS. KETCHUM (*relict of the Hon. Sharp Ketchum*).—Would not "Here lies a lawyer and an honest man," tell the whole story, Mr. Slabbs?

SLABBS.—Not clearly enough, I am afraid. Strangers would be apt to imagine that there were two men buried in one grave.



THE AVERAGE five-dollar umbrella would be all right if it only had four-dollars-and-a-half worth of umbrella and fifty-cents worth of handle in it, instead of four-dollars-and-a-half worth of handle and fifty-cents worth of umbrella.

THEATRICALY SPEAKING, this world seems to be a fleeting leg-show.

THERE IS always room at the top, because the top keeps getting higher all the time.

## WALLER WIGGINS.



WALLER WIGGINS seems a wholly inconsistent name, but even in its inconsistency lay its wonderful fitness, for its bearer was a wholly inconsistent man. Like his name he was formed of irreconcilable contradictions. He had the refined literary tastes and the romantic nature indicative of a Waller, while, on the other hand, he possessed a degree of commonplaceness such as only the name of Wiggins can adequately describe. His occupation was suited to his name and nature; he was a Summer-hotel reporter. He wrote beautifully (sometimes) — that was the Waller; he received little for his work, deserved little — that was the Wiggins. Mr. Wiggins was a free guest at the Shakomaxee House which Waller advertised in the press.

In fact, the uninteresting Wiggins was obtaining his living for nothing, while poor Waller wrote without reward.

Oh, to be thought ordinary, and rightly, too, as Wiggins was, and yet to be deserving of great things as Waller was — what a life was this that Waller Wiggins led!

Waller Wiggins was in love. Perhaps it would be more exact to say that Waller was enamored and Wiggins was mashed; and yet in the first days of love the earthy of his nature was as if it was not. The name of his innamorata was Helen Smith; but in the Spring time of love the Wiggins and the Smith seemed to drop away, and leave the lovers free to soar into the empyrean of romance.

Now at the Shakomaxee House all was gayety, and the sound of the viol could be distinctly imagined if not heard. An ice-cream parlor was open on all evenings after the hops, and it was necessary that the swain should entertain his love and spend base money — for this is something that falls to every man, be he Waller or be he Wiggins. Our hero, having no money, insinuated himself into a poker game with some gentlemen whom he had made his friends by the art of the pen. The dashing Waller of his nature made him successful at this dashing game, and he made considerable winnings which Mr. Wiggins took close care of.

How sweet was love now to Waller and Helen! People said they were a handsome pair. No doubt the young woman's allowance was small, but the garments that Miss Smith bought Helen glorified. And Waller would have cut a swell appearance had not the Wiggins of him let him wear rusty cravats and frayed shoe-strings; but these things Helen did not see, and you may be sure that if Miss Smith saw them, Helen did not let her ridicule them.

Ah, how sweet was love indeed to them! Who would have thought who saw them that these were a Wiggins and a Smith. O the long walks on the shore! O the moonlight sails on the Sound! when Waller and Helen sat together in the prora, and talked, as lovers will, of things they did not dream of.

One Saturday afternoon Mr. Smith, Helen's father, arrived at the hotel according to custom. His wife met him with an eye of trouble. She picked up a ball of Berlin yarn that had fallen from her lap, and then lifted her cheek for Mr. Smith to salute.

"Well, how are you?" he said.

"I am worried about dear Helen."

"What's the matter with her?" asked Smith, fearing some news that would break the even tenor of his way.

"Nothing that you may think serious — not —"

"Oh!" said Smith, relieved.

"I hardly know how to tell you."

"Well, if you know *what* to tell me I may catch the idea all right."

"The truth is, Helen is not herself."

"Who is she?" asked Smith, brightly.

"She appears *distracte* —"

"That comes of studying French. People that don't study French never complain of being *distracte*."

"She seems different. She is not interested in the old cares, though, dear child, she tries to be. I am afraid she is in love."

"Well, well! Who with?"

"I believe with this Mr. Wiggins here."

"Oh, Wiggins! I noticed him last Saturday. It's a good, straight name; I don't know that I quite like the *man*. How did you find out?"

"I asked her if it was n't Mr. Wiggins, and she burst out crying. 'Don't mention the name,' she said; 'but, Mama, I love Waller.'"

"I thought you said Wiggins," said Mr. Smith, surprised.

"Yes; the dear girl dotes on him," replied Mrs. Smith. "But she is n't satisfied; she is so romantic. She grows hysterical when she thinks

about it. She will repeat the name of Wiggins and laugh — such a hard laugh; then she will weep and murmur 'Waller.'"

"There! You're talking of Waller again. Does she love him?"

"Passionately. But she is afraid she could never be happy as Mrs. Wiggins."

"Do you think Waller is a decent fellow?"

"I think he is a splendid fellow."

"Oh, well, if she does n't wish to be Mrs. Wiggins, let her be Mrs. Waller."

Mrs. Smith smiled the faint, painful smile natural to men's wives, and said: "But, of course, she would n't be Mrs. Waller if she married Wiggins."

"You don't mean it. You are not in earnest."

"It was your joke."

"Well, let her marry to suit herself. If you would tell me something about it I might be able to decide. Can't she be satisfied with Wiggins?"

"I know she could, for Waller is all the world to her."

"He is?"

"Oh, she says she never has and never can love any one else than Mr. Wiggins! And — Waller is so devoted."

"Now, look here; do you mean Wiggins, or are you crazy?"

"Of course, I do."

"Well, when you mean Wiggins, say Wiggins."

"But Helen always speaks of Waller, and it is right enough she should, for she loves him so. So I say Waller."

"If you both say Waller, let it be Waller."

"But as I say, she can scarcely bear to take the name of Wiggins."

"Confound Wiggins! What's he got to do with it?"

"Don't say that, for she loves him dearly."

"Loves Wiggins?"

"She dotes on Waller. She dislikes intensely to take the name of Wiggins, so that she hesitates to marry Waller; and yet if you said that she could n't marry Waller it would lay her on a bed of sickness, and very likely she would elope with Wiggins."

"Thunder and Mars!" cried Mr. Smith; "Waller and Wiggins, Wiggins and Waller. Who is this man Waller?"

"Waller? Why, Mr. Wiggins, of course, is Mr. Waller Wiggins."

Mr. Smith collapsed. When he rallied, he said: "I've a notion now not to let her marry either one of them."

"But don't you see how the poor child is held in a painful state of indecision? Now repelled by the name of Wiggins, now forgetting everything in her great love for Waller?"

"Oh, I don't stand out; let her marry both of them!"

"Oh, you can not know how sweet this love of Waller is to her! Have you no feeling of romance — Robert?"

But there was romance in Mr. Smith, too; and at that name of Robert it seemed to hear itself invoked. "What can I do, Grace?" he said.

"Act so that the affair will not seem common. Frown upon Mr. Wiggins; be distant with him. Tell Helen you have other plans for her. Then Helen's heart will go out to Waller even if his name is Wiggins, and she will believe him when he says, 'the lav'rock o'er the cottage sings and shuns the palace gay,' just

as I believed you, Robert. You have never said it since."

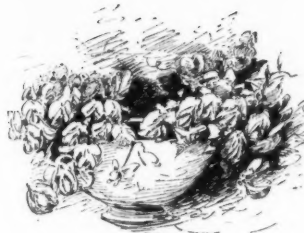
"Have n't I, Gracie? Well, well! I will do all you say."

During Smith's three days' stay he carried out well the part. He leaned back in the big arm-chair on the porch, reading the market reports, and often he would look over his gold spectacles and say to Helen: "Come here, little one." And he would kiss her, and hold her off, and look at her fondly. "I suppose you think it stupid, little girl, because there are no young men here. Eh?" And Helen would throw her arms about his neck, and say: "I don't think it's stupid, but I would like to have you here more." "Ah, ah! what is this?" Mr. Smith would say, in a thick,





## SWEET PEAS.



A HOST of dainty, wing-like flowers,  
A bowl of Dresden china,  
Beguile to-day some lonely hours  
With potency far finer  
Than all the roses, wondrous fair,  
Which languish in their glory  
In stately vase of pattern rare,  
Breathing the Summer's story.

A swarm of pink-hued butterflies,  
You seem to poise and hover  
On your frail stems, and try to rise,  
Seeking the wind, your lover.  
Sweet peas! My fancy and my heart  
You charm with your faint fragrance;  
It challenges Dame Nature's art  
To match you, lovely vagrants.  
Mary Tenney.



## NOT BUILT WITH LATEST IMPROVEMENTS.

HUNGRY HAWKINS (*wishing to be pleasant*).—  
This hotel is fire-proof, I believe?  
BENNY, THE BARKEEPER.—Yes; but you're  
not. Mike, fire this.

## THE SAME THING.

CUSTOMER.—And you say you will guarantee this coat to wear  
twenty years?  
IKEY WOOLSTEIN.—Yes, mein vrendt, terventy years.  
CUSTOMER.—Why, how the dickens can you do that?  
IKEY WOOLSTEIN.—Yoost so easy as terventy weeks, mein vrendt.

## A KINDNESS.

"I did your book a good turn in last week's paper," said the Critic  
to the Author.  
"Indeed?" said the Author.  
"Yes," returned the Critic. "I did n't mention it."

## PROOF POSITIVE.

"I did n't know Mrs. Browning lived in an apartment house."  
"She did n't."  
"Yes; don't you remember she says, 'Hills draw like Heaven and  
pull us from the vile flats up to them?'"

"HOW PERFECTLY Miss Ryder's habit fits her!"  
"Yes; it's a second nature."

"OH, BY all means go to a homeopathic doctor! Try the hair of the  
dog that bites."  
"Very good;—but suppose it was one of these Chihuahua dogs?"



## A CELTIC CUT.

MRS. DOLAN.—The next time I catch yez in here I'll wollup yez.  
MRS. MULLINS.—Yez hov n't catched my Patsy doing annythin',  
have yez?  
MRS. DOLAN.—No, not yit; but he must be up ter somethin' ter  
run ivery toime he sees me.  
PATSY.—You'd run, too, if I looked like you do.

## AT THE BEEFSTEAK CLUB.

WAFFLE.—Yes, sir! there is a great deal more in Robinson  
than we would imagine.  
LIVERMORE.—Then he must have changed his boarding-place.

## IN THE MENAGERIE.

"What's the matter with the horned horse?" asked the tiger.  
"It has the gnu-monia," replied the lion.

## A NEW VERSION.

"You're not going out, are you, Bridget?"  
"No, ma'am," said the kitchen fay,  
In a fine, imperious manner;  
"At home Oi shall be all day."

Then humbly said Mrs. Van Schuyler:  
"I'm just going out to the mat—  
If you've no objections, I'll borrow  
Your lavender gown and hat."

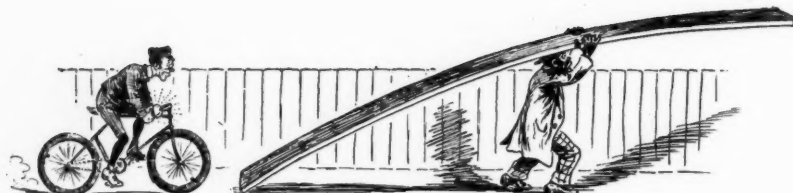


## NO WORSE THAN OTHERS.

MRS. NORRIS.—You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Robby;  
you're the worst boy in the hotel. That's the third clean dress  
you've spoiled to-day.  
ROBBY.—That's nothing! Look at Mrs. Allister; she's had  
on four!

MR. SWANKUM'S REPENTANCE;  
OR, THE BICYCLE AS AN INSTRUMENT OF REFORM.

I.



MR. SWANKUM.—Seems to me I hear a bell a-ringin'—I hope nobody did n't see me take dis yer board outer de lumber yard!



"Great King!—dis yer board is got powerful heavy all of a sudden!"

husky, millionaire voice. And, then, when Smith betook himself to his room, Helen would steal away with Waller.

"You are too good for me," Waller would say.

"It is you who are too good for me."

And, when they had stolen away, Waller would read to her; and sneer not, dear reader, that Helen loved to listen, for, to a sweet girl like Helen, Waller could read in a voice as soft as e'er a bondholder's in the world. And in each interruption of the reading, they talked as lovers will of things they do not dream of.

It is a story of years ago. Waller and Helen are now Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins. As for Wiggins, I do not think they know his name is Waller down at the newspaper office where he is night-editor; though there is a token that some of the old poesy of his nature, coarsened by time, is still observable in him, for his associates call him "Windy Wiggins." Things seem dull to him. When he leaves the dingy office in the small hours of the morning, he is fagged out. He dozes home in the close car, and sleeps heavily into the new day. When he rises, the prospect of breakfast does not animate him, for Mrs. Wiggins has had her breakfast early with her brother, who boards at the Wigginses, and who must go betimes to business. So Mrs. Wiggins, though she presides at Wiggins's breakfast, casts a damper upon it by not being hungry herself, and by wearing a practical air, as to say, "The quicker you eat the sooner the work can be done up."



It is a dull Wiggins life for both of them. But sometimes when Wiggins thinks how dull his life is, he remembers that life must be dull, too, to his wife. Then he recalls her again, with his unused poet's sense, as she used to come toward him in dainty Summer garb, vivacious yet gentle, confiding yet shy, and he stops at a German florist's and buys a bunch of violets such as she used to wear at her slender waist.

"How well you remember, Waller!" she says.

"That was a great Summer, Helen."

So, everybody in this world is a Waller Wiggins or a Helen Smith; and let as many as will laugh at the commonplaceness of the Wigginses, and the Smiths, I wish well to all dear Wallers and Helens.

Williston Fish.

DINING IN LUCK.

JULIA.—How did the Meringue's dinner pass off?

HATTIE.—Delightfully! and the male contingent was a decided success. It's such a pleasure to converse with experienced men of the world. Why, three were divorcés, and the other two Keeley Cures.

A DASH OF MODERNITY.

VAN ARNDT.—After all, to get back to old authorities,—“what's in a name?”

MAID MARIAN.—A hyphen, if it's an aristocratic name.

AND HE SO YOUNG!

TOMMY KIDDER.—Papa, I wish you'd buy me a little brother.

MR. KIDDER.—I have n't money enough to buy another little boy, my son.

TOMMY KIDDER.—Then, why don't you buy a little girl, Papa?

A MAN ATTEMPTING to live in style on a small salary is like a dog fighting without front teeth.

AN IMPRACTICABLE SUGGESTION.

MR. BRIDIE.—Don't you think it would be a good idea to charge your girl for all the china she breaks?

MRS. BRIDIE.—How can I charge her for it when I don't even dare to charge her with it!

NON-PARTISAN.

Now, who her choice of the crews could guess

Must be exceeding wise;

For Harvard flaunts from her rosy cheeks

And Yale from her merry eyes.

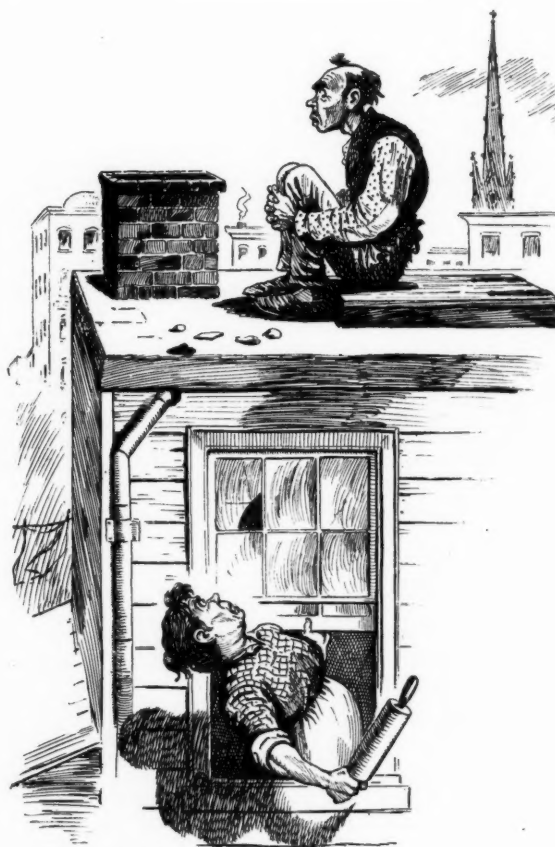
AT THE CLUB-WINDOW.

“What has become of that man of youahs, who was so intelligent?”

“It seems he had escaped from an idiot asylum, and they took him back theah again.”

BENTLEY.—I wonder where the editor of that society paper gets all his points?

GENTLEY.—I believe he has a daughter who works in the telephone exchange.



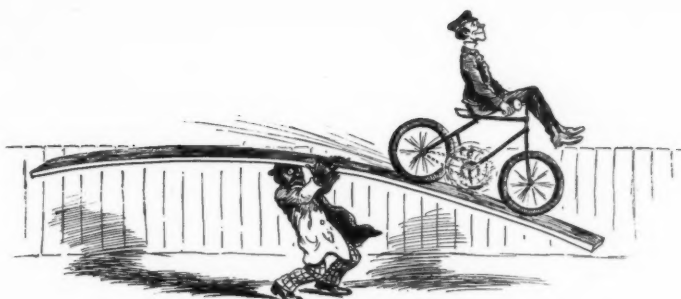
ASSERTING HIMSELF.

MRS. DOLAN (from the window).—Kim down aff there. DOLAN (sitting on trapdoor).—Oi'll do nothin' av th' koinid. Oi'll show yez who's boss in this house.

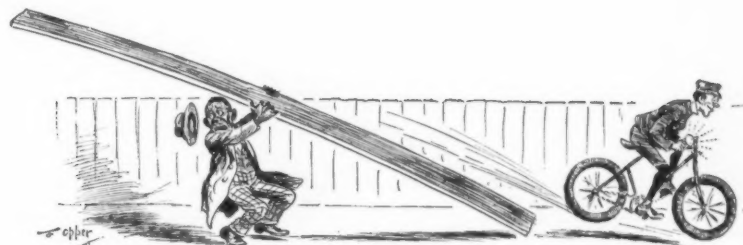


MR. SWANKUM'S REPENTANCE;  
OR, THE BICYCLE AS AN INSTRUMENT OF REFORM.

II.



"I hear a kind of rattlin' noise now — I might 'a' knowed somethin' wuz gwine to happen to me fer takin' dis board!"



"Dere goes dat bell ag'in — hit's a warnin', shore — I'll take dis board right back where I foun' it."

A KIND OF RURAL SWELL.



HERE is a kind of rural swell  
Who deep in debt will go,  
Yet scatter round his cash  
pell mell  
To make an outside show.

He'll purchase ornamental  
trees  
To shade the iron fount,  
Although the butcher's on  
his knees  
For something on account.

'T is then he gleefully imports  
Some high-priced kind of  
fawn,  
That with a brand-new peacock  
sports  
About his velvet lawn.

He'll buy a palfrey any day  
And like a nabob feel;  
But, oh! it grinds his soul to  
pay  
For clams or Indian meal.

He'll start rare roses clambering  
About his rustic gates,  
And let the weary grocer sing  
And whistle while he waits.

When tradesmen on his orders frown  
He smiles serene and bland,  
And yanks his provender from town  
All paper-bagged, by hand.

He'll dodge the milkman like a scout  
Adown some shady lane,  
And through the dark wood round about  
He'll crawl to catch the train.

The alien footstep on his stoop  
Arouses all his fear —  
He's certain, while his spirits droop,  
The sheriff must be near.

And, when his bell the caller rings,  
He flies heels over head  
Right up the stairs as though on wings,  
And hides beneath the bed.

R. K. Munkittrick.

A CHANGE OF RÔLE.

WORN WILLIE.—Why d' yer go around every town you come to so's to enter on the West side?

WEARY WILKINS.—The Johnstown Flood business is played out. I'm a World's Fair sufferer this trip.

A FEMININE VIEW.

"You men always begin your reforms at the wrong end."  
"How so?"

"Not the waiters who serve the soup, but the people who eat it, should be without moustaches."

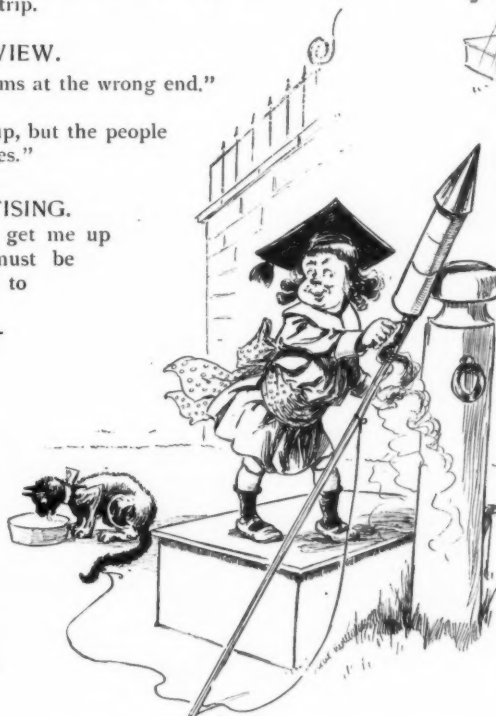
A NOVELTY IN ADVERTISING.

BUSINESS MAN.—I want you to get me up something novel in advertising — must be absolutely new and so unheard of as to attract attention.

ADVERTISING AGENT (*wearily*).—Seems to me the novelties are about exhausted.

BUSINESS MAN.—Oh, come now, brush up and see what you can do! I want something that will startle the public.

ADVERTISING AGENT.—Ah! I have it. I'll say you are not now selling goods below cost, as you have been doing ever since you started, but that you are determined to make profit enough to buy a new lawn mower for your Hudson River palace, and to give your steam yacht a fresh coat of paint.



"HANDSOME IS as handsome does" is the motto of all homely people.

CARRIED AWAY WITH HIS IDEA.

WILLIE.—Now, I'll get rid of that measly old cat.

ENTERPRISE IN JOURNALISM.

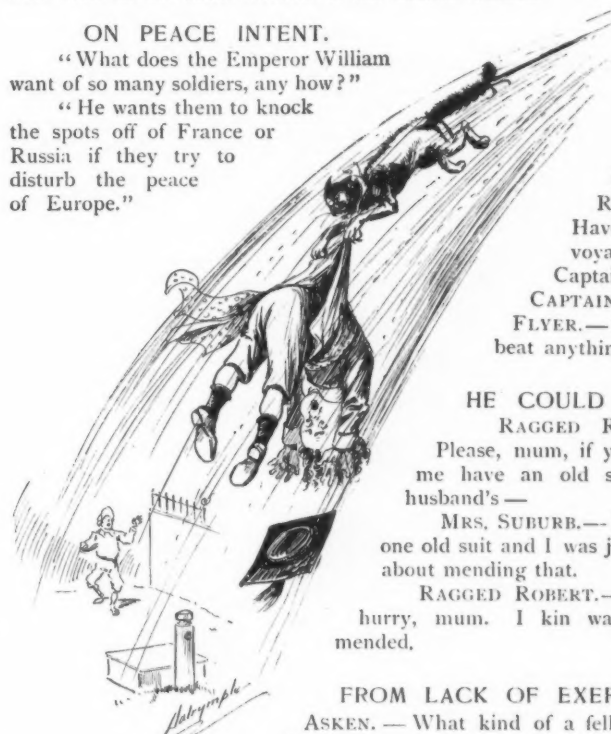
FOREMAN (*rushing into the sanctum at the eleventh hour*).—Say, that electro of the oldest woman in the state has n't shown up; what shall I do?

EDITOR (*fumbling in his table drawer*).—Here, take this wood-cut of last year's Vassar valedictorian, sandpaper it down a bit, and put it through. If there's anything left of it when it comes out you can use it next week for the latest likeness of the Infanta Eulalia.

ON PEACE INTENT.

"What does the Emperor William want of so many soldiers, any how?"

"He wants them to knock the spots off of France or Russia if they try to disturb the peace of Europe."



NO FUN.

REPORTER.—Have a pleasant voyage this time, Captain?

CAPTAIN OF OCEAN FLYER.—No. Did n't beat anything.

HE COULD WAIT.

RAGGED ROBERT.—Please, mum, if you could let me have an old suit of your husband's —

MRS. SUBURB.—He has only one old suit and I was just thinking about mending that.

RAGGED ROBERT.—I'm in no hurry, mum. I kin wait till it's mended.

FROM LACK OF EXERCISE.

ASKEN.—What kind of a fellow is Dumleigh?

TELL.—Well, Dumleigh is a fellow who, if he were to think twice before he spoke, would lose the use of his voice.

ANIMAL LIFE.

DOOLITTLE GOODE.—How did you spend your vacation?

SOMERS HOLLIDAY.—Oh, I led a dog's life!

DOOLITTLE GOODE.—No! What did you do?

SOMERS HOLLIDAY.—Lay around and slept.

VERY LIKELY IT WAS.

WESTLAKE.—Was Miss Hittit charmed with your account of your fishing trip?

HARKINS.—Very much, I think, for she said, "How romantic!"

CALLOW.—What did you think of the Infanta's husband?

BENTHAIR.—Oh, I don't mind a married man playing second fiddle — most of us are used to that. But I'm glad that the orchestra to which I belong don't give many public performances.

"I SAW YOU yesterday with Col. Drier. Don't you — er — find him sort of a sponge?"

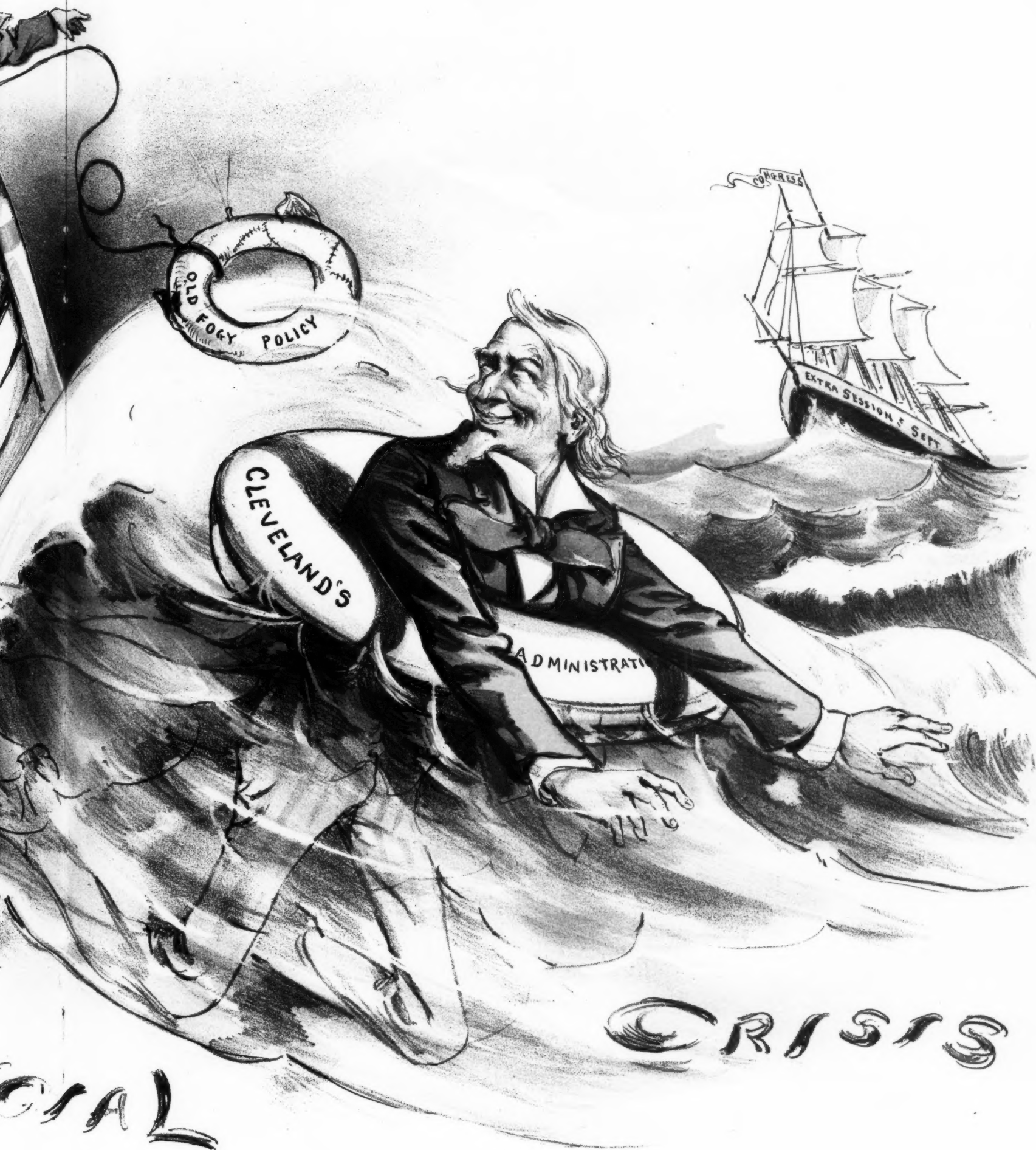
"Not at all! A sponge will take water."



A FUNNY LOT OF  
UNCLE SAM.—I'm all right, gentlemen, with this



PUCK.



LOT OF LIFE - SAVERS.  
en, with *this* life-preserver — you're the ones who need help!

J. Ottumann Lith. Co. Puck Building, N.Y.



## PATIENCE—IN A NEW BATHING SUIT.

GRACE INNIT.—Are n't you coming in?

MAUD BEACH.—Wait till those men go away.

## SUCCESS.

## A COMEDY IN TWO ACTS.

## CHARACTERS.

An Actor. An Author. A Servant.

ACT I.—Richly furnished apartments of the ACTOR, New York, 1893.  
Present, the ACTOR and SERVANT.

ACTOR.—Order the brougham at two.

SERVANT.—Yes, sir. (*Exit SERVANT.*)ACTOR.—Now for an hour's nap. Ah, come in! (*Enter AUTHOR.*)  
What do you want?

AUTHOR.—I am an author.

ACTOR.—You look it, sir.

AUTHOR.—I feel it. But I have just finished a tragedy in twelve acts; and I wish you to purchase it.

ACTOR.—Well, I'll look at it. (*Takes manuscript from author and reads it. A lapse of ten minutes.*)

ACTOR.—This is rot; but I think by writing it over I may make one



## A DANGEROUS REFLECTION.

RYESTRAW.—What's th' matter with ye there?

DOLAN.—Oi doan' know av Oi be drowned or hanged!

part out of it; and that is all I need in a play,—one part. Here's fifty dollars on account.

AUTHOR.—Ah! my reputation, my fortune, are made!  
[CURTAIN.]ACT II.—Richly furnished studio of the AUTHOR,  
New York, 1900.

The AUTHOR seated, reading newspaper.

AUTHOR.—Ha! So that old reprobate claims he wrote my first tragedy. Ha! very good!

(*Enter the ACTOR, hurriedly.*)

AUTHOR.—Who are you?

ACTOR.—You don't remember me? I who made you what you are.

AUTHOR.—Oh, yes; I know you. What do you want? Money?

ACTOR.—Yes. I—

AUTHOR.—Well, you can't have a cent.

ACTOR.—I will have money and you shall give—

(*Attacks the AUTHOR with a pocket-axe. AUTHOR falls.*)

ACTOR.—I have killed him. Serves him right. Now, to rob the place. Ah! well I remember the morning I accepted his tragedy, the



## DEVOTED TO IT.

HOSTESS.—What do you think of the popular fad of wheeling, Mr. Bridger?

BROOKLYN MAN.—It's my favorite recreation—and, if I do say it myself, our baby carriage is the handsomest one on the block!

"Boston Bean." Curse it! Bad luck has followed me ever since. Ah, wine! and, by Shakspeare's memory! a plate of beans. I will eat! (*He eats. Finishing, he examines the plate.*) What's this? (*Reads.*) "Souvenir of 200th performance of the 'Boston Bean.'" Great Heavens! I have eaten a plate of papier-maché beans I am poisoned! (*He dies.*)

[CURTAIN.]

Joseph Lundy.

## NOT ESSENTIAL.

ANNIE HOWE.—Mama told me not to encourage him, and I always obey Mama.

VIOLET BLUE.—And yet you were engaged to him in three days?

ANNIE HOWE.—Yes; fortunately he is n't the kind of a fellow who needs encouragement.

## CAUSE AND EFFECT.

JAGGS.—Why does Drywater have such a stony stare, I wonder?

BAGGS.—He drinks nothing but mineral water!







#### AN HONEST EXCUSE.

D'AUBER (showing his rich fiancée and her mother some of his work as visitor enters).—Oh! that's Dunning, a collector of antiquities. Will you excuse me till I see what he wants?

#### A SPOILED REPORTER.

RURAL EDITOR.—Look here; what does this mean? "The stage was tooled on its regular trip to Silo Junction yesterday. The passengers were Mr. Tim Mulligan, Mr. Hans Sweitzer, Mr. Sambo Dark, Mrs. Molikowski, Miss Bean and Miss O'Hoolihan; Mr. Hank Driven, the veteran coachman, whip." What infernal stuff do you call that, say? Who cares who rode in the stage? You're not fit for a reporter on a live newspaper. You'd better stop reading the New York Herald if you don't want to ruin yourself.

PROPRIETOR.—Did n't I see a Chinaman come out of here as I came down the street?

DRUG CLERK.—Yes, sir; he wanted a prescription for dyspepsia, and I sold him a box of "Rough on Rats."

"THAT WAS a pretty good story Spacer told, don't you think?"

"It was n't if it is true that the good die young."

FAITH.—Bah! What's the use of a girl getting married?

HOPE.—Why, to let people know that she can, of course!

#### DO NOT EXPECT THE IMPOSSIBLE.

We ask perfection when we mean  
Something that but comes near to it;  
Our streets would show a curious scene  
If man's clothes were a "perfect fit."

G. E. Hanson.

#### AT CHICAGO.

FIRST PHILADELPHIA MAN.—Having any fun?

SECOND PHILADELPHIA MAN.—Fun? I don't think I'll ever go back. Did n't go to bed last night till eleven o'clock.

"JACK'S WIFE always has the sulks."

"How can he put up with them?"

"Oh! he only refers to them as 'household pets.'"

"THERE WAS a touch of Nature in old Adam."

"To be sure; he made the whole world kin!"

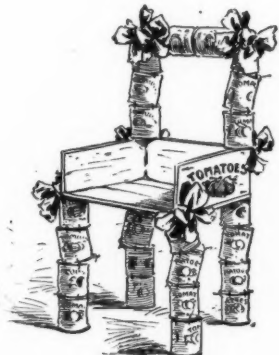


DUNNING (the collector).—Now, look here, D'Auber, I've come to collect those old bills. I'll give you until to-morrow noon; and if you don't pay up I'll sell you out—see? There's no monkey business about P. D. Q. Dunning, Old Account Collector, mind you!

WHEN WOMAN gets her rights she will probably regret the old days when her position was masterful instead of merely equal.

#### ECONOMY IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

To those who are possessed of a little mechanical ingenuity and artistic good taste, the knack of making something out of nothing comes by nature; but for those of our readers whose cleverness does not run in this direction, we publish these few examples, which may prove of assistance; although we do not intend going as extensively into the subject as one or two of our contemporaries. It is surprising, however, what a little paint or a ribbon or two can do in giving an artistic charm to the commonest material.



HOW TO MAKE AN ARM-CHAIR OUT OF TOMATO CANS.

Nail the cans together for the legs and back, make the seat of the box they came in, and put some bright ribbon bows at the corners whenever needed.



HOW TO MAKE AN OILSTOVE OUT OF A SILK HAT.

Invert an old silk hat; cut out a door at the bottom, make the lamp out of an old sardine can, with the opener for a handle; paint the hat with asbestos paint, and put on an ordinary kettle, which you may procure at any junk shop.



HOW TO MAKE A SUMMER COTTAGE OUT OF A PACKING BOX.

Take a large packing box, cut out some doors and windows, paint it in bright colors, place it carefully on the seashore during the height of the season, and let it as soon as possible.

## A MIRROR OF THE GREAT FAIR,

that is what the **World's Fair Puck** really is. Of course you are going there, and so you want the **WORLD'S FAIR PUCK** now, and as long as it lasts.

10 cents a copy, of all Dealers.  
\$2.50 for entire term, (26 weeks).

Address:

**PUCK**, Jackson Park, Chicago, or  
Puck B'd'g, New York.

"THE LITTLE FINGER DOES IT."

### Automatic Reel.



**YAWMAN & ERBE,**  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

N. B.—See exhibit in Fisheries Building, World's Fair.

### "EXPOSITION FLYER"

Is the name of the new 20-hour train of the

### NEW YORK CENTRAL

between New York and Chicago,—every day in the year.

This is the fastest thousand mile train on the globe, and is second only in speed to the famous

### EMPIRE STATE EXPRESS

whose record for two years has been the wonder and admiration of the world of travel.

The New York Central stands at the head for speed and comfort of its trains. A ride over its line is the finest one-day railroad ride in the world.

For a copy of the "Luxury of Modern Railway Travel" send two 2-cent stamps to **GEORGE H. DANIELS**, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

**CHAFING,**  
**Itching, Dandruff,**  
**PRICKLY-HEAT,**  
and Odors from  
**Perspiration,**

Speedily Relieved by

## Packer's

## Tar Soap

**WARDS OFF CONTAGION.**

To-day we are building the *best* Piano which modern ingenuity can construct; next year's SOHMER may be better; we hope so; but the SOHMER of *to-day* is the ideal instrument of *to-day*; it is the **BEST**.

139-155 E. 14th St.,  
New York.  
367 Wabash Avenue,  
Chicago.  
1108 Olive Street,  
St. Louis.  
308-314 Post Street,  
San Francisco.

# SOHMER

## KODAK FILMS.

Having seen the superior work done on our new Kodak films the World's Fair authorities have decided to sell no other film on the grounds. In order to enable our customers to make the largest possible number of pictures for the smallest outlay, we are now winding this film in spools of from 100 to 250 exposures. These are known as the Columbus spools.

To still further insure success for our customers, we have purchased the exclusive concession for a film dark room on the grounds, and are erecting a building as headquarters for Kodakers. The use of the dark room will be free for changing films and plates, and competent attendants will make any slight repairs that may be necessary, without charge. If anybody comes to the Fair with a Kodak that will not work properly, we will replace it with one that is in good order.

### COLUMBUS SPOOLS.

For No. 1 Kodak	-	-	150 exposures.
For No. 2 " (with counter)	-	-	150 "
For No. 2 " (without counter)	-	-	200 "
For No. 3 " Jr.	-	-	250 "
For No. 3 " Jr.	-	-	100 "
For No. 4 " Jr.	-	-	250 "
For No. 4 " Jr.	-	-	100 "
For No. 4 " Folding	-	-	100 "

Send 5 cents for  
World's Fair view  
4 x 5 inches.

Eastman Kodak Co.,  
Rochester, N. Y.

Whether your piano, carriage, chamber sets, hard wood floors, dining table, stairway, look shabby or elegant depends on the varnish.

An outlay of thousands of dollars half spoiled by saving a mere bagatelle on varnish.

Our "People's Text-Book" — sent free — will explain it.

MURPHY VARNISH CO.,  
FRANKLIN MURPHY, President.  
Newark, Boston, Cleveland, St. Louis, Chicago.

## Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies



—OR—  
Other Chemicals  
are used in the  
preparation of  
**W. BAKER & CO.'S  
Breakfast Cocoa**

which is absolutely  
pure and soluble.

It has more than three times  
the strength of Cocoa mixed  
with Starch, Arrowroot or  
Sugar, and is far more eco-  
nomical, costing less than one cent a cup.  
It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY  
DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

## BETTON'S PILE SALVE.

An old reliable and ever-helpful home treatment for piles, no matter how severe the case. It is as gentle as water, as soothing as balm, and quickly banishes the pain and torture of this distressing ailment. Betton's Pile Salve will cure piles of any type. A record of 50 years' success. At Drug-gists, or send 50 cents with name and address. Free by mail.

WINKELMANN & BROWN DRUG CO.,  
BALTIMORE, Md.



The name to remember when buying a  
**BICYCLE** is A. W. GUMP & CO.,  
DAYTON, OHIO.  
\$30 to \$50 saved on many  
new and second-hand Bicycles.  
Lists free. Over 2000 in stock.  
Cash or time. Agents wanted.



Spring Lamb. (Part 2)

But when this heavy-headed youth  
Has had his B. B. L.  
Those lambs, their hops all turned to chops,  
Could not his hunger quell.

For Seasickness and Headache use BUTTS' BROMO-LITHIA.

### BARKEEPERS' FRIEND.

For Polishing Bar Fixtures, Drain Borders, and all Tin,  
Zinc, Brass, Copper, Kitchen and Plated Utensils; Glass,  
Wood, Marble, Porcelain, etc. 25c. Lb. Box. at Dealers.  
GEO. W. HOFFMAN, Mfr., 295 E. Wash'n St., Indianapolis, Ind.

### HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS, PAPER WAREHOUSE.

No. 31, 33, 35 & 37 East Houston St.,  
BRANCH, N. E. cor. William & Spruce Sts., NEW YORK.



LEARNING THE TRADE.—I.

THE LITTLE ONE.—Evenin' Extry! All about the big accident—  
THE BIG ONE.—You're a nice 'un, givin' de whole snap away! Dis is der way ter do it—

## La Flor De Vallens & Co. Incomparable Clear Havana Cigars.



THE  
BEST  
THAT

MONEY  
CAN  
BUY.

If your dealer does not sell this brand, we will send you a box, charges prepaid, containing 13  
Cigars for \$1.25, \$1.50 and upward to \$6.00. These Cigars range in Price from 10c. to 50c. each.

EUGENE VALLENS & CO., 44 to 54 Dearborn St., CHICAGO, ILL.

## BARRY'S TRICOPHEROUS FOR THE HAIR AND SKIN.

An elegant dressing. Prevents  
baldness, gray hair, and dandruff.  
Makes the hair grow thick and soft.  
Cures eruptions and diseases of the  
skin. Heals cuts, burns, bruises and  
sprains. All druggists or by mail 60 cts. 44 Stone St. N.Y.

### EASY TO RIDE

That's one fine point  
about the Imperial  
Wheel. It has many  
others equally good.  
Get our Catalogue  
and know all about it.



AMES & FROST COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

# Pears'

Do not forget to take  
a supply of Pears'  
Soap with you when  
you go to the country.  
It is the best and  
most economical.

Wears to the thinness  
of a wafer.

## URBANA WINE COMPANY Gold Seal Champagne

For Sale by  
all leading Wine Dealers  
and Grocers.

Post Office:

URBANA, N. Y.

“PUCK'S LIBRARY” is Never “out of Print.”



There's a wheel in the life of all men, which  
taken every day, leads on to manliness. It is a

## COLUMBIA BICYCLE.

Columbia catalogue. 45 comprehensive engravings.  
The most exhaustive cycling catalogue published. Free  
at Columbia agencies. By mail for two two-cent stamps.  
Pope Mfg. Co., Boston, New York, Chicago, Hartford.

## INSTANTANEOUS CHOCOLATE

NO TROUBLE  
NO BOILING

THE GREATEST INVENTION  
EVERY OF THE AGE  
EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE IT.

POWDERED  
AND PUT UP IN ONE POUND TINS PER CAN

### STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON

INVENTORS AND SOLE MAN'FS. PHILADELPHIA



## CALISAYA LA RILLA.

An exquisite elixir of Calisaya bark. Is so far superior in all respects, quality, medicinal value, agreeability and economy of dose that if you once try it you will never consent to accept any other.

Your Druggist Has It.

Wait for us, ready in June.

## TROKONETS.

The very best and most reliable hand-cameras ever made. No faulty rolled film, no glass plates to break; still glass plates can be used.

Film lies flat, development a pleasure.

Slightly touch the lever, and a picture is taken.

The loading of a TROKONET with 35 films is but the work of a moment.

Take a Trokonet with you to The World's Fair, and you can feel assured of successful pictures. All Photographic Dealers will sell them.

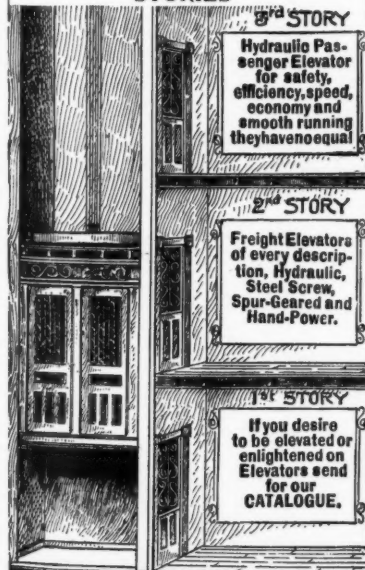
Trokonet catalogue free on application.

THE PHOTO MATERIALS CO.,

Manufacturers,

ROCHESTER N. Y.

### GRAVES ELEVATING STORIES



GRAVES ELEVATOR CO.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Offices: New York: 92-94 Liberty St.  
Boston: 53 State Street.  
Detroit: Hodges Building.  
Atlanta, Ga.: Inman Bld'g.

## JOSEPH GILLOTT'S Pens

THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

NOW EXHIBITED AT THE

COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO.

Manufactures Build'g, Dept. H, Group 89.



ACME FOLDING BOAT CO., MIAMISBURG, O.

"Look you upon one leg and then on t'other."

## THE Boston Garter

IS THE ONLY ONE WORTH WEARING.

Sold Everywhere.

Won't bind, won't feel uncomfortable, won't let stocking down.



LEARNING THE TRADE.—II.

— (In resounding basso.) — E-E-errr—yowwa—Wah—Yow—HUH!

With its 40 years' record Cook's Extra Dry Imperial Champagne is first in the list. No sparkling wine in use is its superior.

Angostura Bitters cures colic, fever and ague and indigestion. The genuine manufactured only by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. All druggists keep them.



## AT THE WORLD'S FAIR MERIT TRIUMPHS.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH BREWING ASS'N  
WILL SUPPLY THE BEER.

Read what the GLOBE-DEMOCRAT of St. Louis says: "When the committee authorized to let the contract opened negotiations with Mr. Busch, that gentleman candidly told them that if beer was beer with them, and they were looking for a supply on the basis of cheapness, then the Anheuser-Busch would not be in it; but if it was quality and not cheap beer they were after, and were willing to pay for good beer, such as the Anheuser-Busch manufacture every day in the year, then he was ready to treat with them. As quality is the desiderata the World's Fair Casino Restaurant will supply nothing but the best — Anheuser-Busch brew."

New York Depot, O. MEYER & CO., 104 Broad St.

## CANDY

Send \$1.25, \$2.50, or \$3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, prepaid, east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,  
212 State St., Chicago.



All riders say. Our spring frame with pneumatic tires saves muscle and nerves and is luxury indeed. You want the best. Investigate. We also make a 30 pound rigid frame Sylph. Cata. free.

Rouse-Duryea Cycle Co., Mfrs. 43 G St., Peoria, Ill.

## WATCH POCKET LAMP

AND 1,000 LIGHTS, \$1.00.  
100,000 IN USE. SENT TO ALL PARTS OF THE U. S., PREPAID, FOR \$1.00.

For Sale by the Cigar Trade.  
FOLMER & SCHWING  
MANUFACTURING CO.,  
Manufacturers of Gas Fixtures, Etc.,  
271 Canal Street, NEW YORK.

KIRK'S

Ladies Enjoy  
the use of

## KIRK'S JUVENILE

because it is a pure, delightfully scented, free washing TOILET SOAP.

SOAP

Give her a watch;

a good watch, a handsome one—but don't "go broke" over it.

Fourteen-karat gold, filled, or coin-silver, elegantly engraved: enamel dial in modern Arabic numerals; jeweled works; stem-set and stem-winding. A gem to look at and a perfect time-keeper. It looks like a hundred-dollar watch; any one can take genuine pride in its looks and its behavior. The new, perfected, quick-winding "Waterbury" (\$4 to \$15).

No cheap Swiss watch can compare with it. Your jeweler sells it, in many different styles.

49



OVERMAN WHEEL CO.

BOSTON, WASHINGTON, DENVER, SAN FRANCISCO.

A. G. SPALDING & BROS., Special Agents,  
CHICAGO, NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA.

SHIELD

Yourself against all Impurities of the SKIN

By USING

WHITE ROSE Glycerine Soap.

DELICACY OF PERFUME. NO ROSIN. U. S. Agents, MÜLHENS & KROPPF, N. Y.

3.50 HUNTING CASE FREE.

14K 14K

A fine 14k gold plated watch to every reader of this paper. Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these elegant richly jeweled gold finished watches by express for examination, and if you think it is equal in appearance to any \$25.00 gold watch, pay our sample price, \$3.50, and it is yours. We send with the watch our guarantee that you can return it at any time within one year if not satisfactory, and if you sell or cause the sale of six we will give you One Free. Write at once as we shall send out samples for sixty days only.

THE NATIONAL MFG & IMPORTING CO.,  
334 Dearborn Street,  
CHICAGO, ILL.

Fatal injuries from sunstroke, lifting, freezing, gas, poison, somnambulism, or choking in swallowing, are covered by only one accident policy: The Extension Full Indemnity Policy of

## UNITED STATES MUTUAL ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION

No other accident company insures against such casualties.

## BUTTERMILK TOILET SOAP



Over 1,000,000 Ladies who have used it pronounce it the Best Soap in the World For the Complexion.

Exceeds any 25c. Soap. Ask your dealer for it. Full size sample, 12 cents. Beware of imitations.

Cosmo Buttermilk Soap Co.  
84 Adams Street, Chicago.



4-ply Linen Collar, any size or style, sent on receipt of

6<sup>c</sup>

in stamps  
BRILL BROS.,  
Men's Furnishers,  
309 Sixth Ave., New York

## REMINGTON BICYCLES.



EQUALED BY FEW.

EXCELLED BY NONE.

Three patterns for '93.

Send for Catalogue.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY,

313-315 Broadway, N. Y.

A WATER COLOR — In Chicago it is Dark Brown. — *World's Fair Puck.*



A Beautiful Face may be robbed of its charms by the blight of a poor complexion

### POZZONI'S

### Complexion Powder

is a refreshing and beautifying preparation which imparts to the complexion the soft glow of the tea rose and removes freckles, pimples and all impurities of the skin. Pozzoni's has won its way into the confidence of ladies all over the land. A thirty years' test has proven its merit. In three shades.—Pink or flesh, White and Brunette.

FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

### JUVENILE AMENITIES.

ENVOIOUS BOY (on foot.) — I know why that there thing is called a safety!

PROUD BOY (on bicycle.) — Why?

ENVOIOUS BOY. — 'Cause any fool kin ride it widout fallin' off. — *Street & Smith's Good News.*

A PLATFORM SPEECH — "Step Forward, Please." — *World's Fair Puck.*

## No MORPHINE CHLORAL ANTI-PYRINE IN Bromo-Seltzer.

It is an Effective, Effervescing Preparation which corrects

DISORDERED STOMACH AND NERVOUS TROUBLES.

For Sale on all Trains by Union News Co.'s Agents.

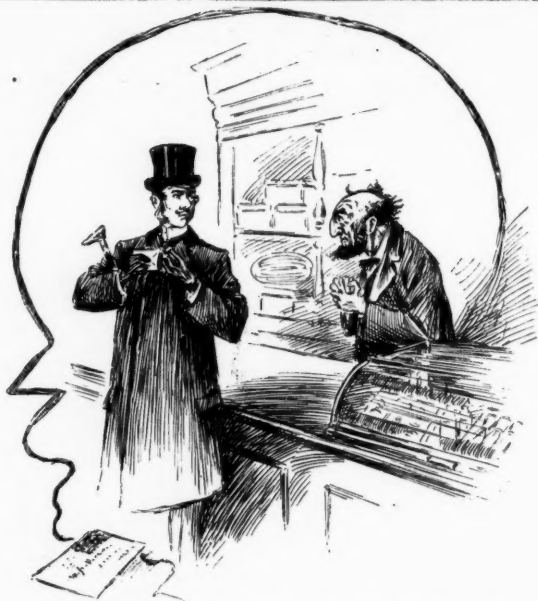
## HOTEL BRUNSWICK

EQUAL TO ANY IMPORTED CIGAR. We prefer you should buy of your dealer; if he does not keep them, send \$1.00 for sample box of 10, by mail to JACOB STAHL, JR. & CO., Makers, 168th St. and 3d Ave., New York City. Downtown depot, Surbrug, 159 Fulton Street.



Exact Size.

Perfecto.



GETTING SOME PROFIT OUT OF IT.

LICHTENSTEIN (to CUSTOMER who has merely purchased a stamp). — Don't you want noddings else? No gollars, no shirts, no glodings, shoes, hats, no noddings?

CUSTOMER. — No; this stamp is all I require.

LICHTENSTEIN (anxiously). — Say, Mister, vill you let me lick th' stamp?

### Starved to Death

in midst of plenty. Unfortunate, unnecessary, yet we hear of it often. Infants thrive physically and mentally when properly fed. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is undoubtedly the safest and best infant food obtainable. Grocers and Druggists.



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## WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP

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An unblemished reputation for over HALF a HUNDRED YEARS is the best assurance of the purity and superiority of WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS.



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A SUIT OF CLOTHES  
and I want it very badly." Is this the burden of your song? Then hasten to Nicoll the Tailor who will take your measure and make it Quickly, or at your Leisure; at a Moderate Price, too.

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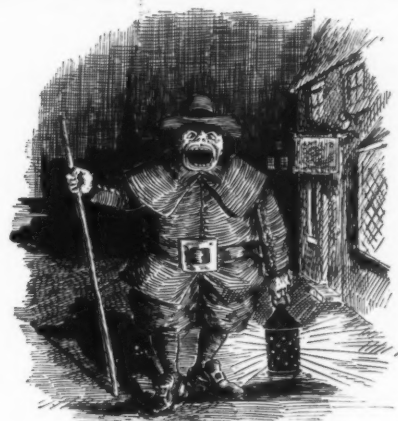
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When the rays of old Sol are boiling down at a ninety degree rate, the air like the breath of a furnace and everything hot, dry and dusty, the natural desire of the average human is to drink. But, what to drink? there's the question.

The serious effect of an over-indulgence in ice water is well known. The thousand and one cheap gassy beverages are known to be more or less injurious to the health, while the mineral waters of known purity and healthfulness are a luxury beyond the reach of but few. What shall we drink?

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BE SURE AND GET THE GENUINE.

### A

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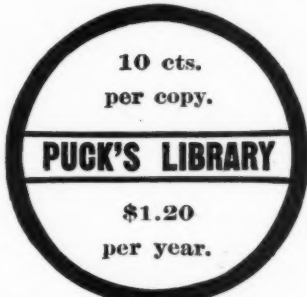
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The 1893 edition of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's annual book of Summer Excursion Routes has just been issued. It is tastefully gotten up and presents in a most practical and comprehensive manner about four hundred popular Summer resorts, from which excellent selections may be made for either limited trips or extended sojourns during the Summer and early Fall months.

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PUCK.



I.  
"There, he's pointing at last!" said Charley Van Schott.  
"It's strange how he does it; those dogs know a lot."



II.  
Then he scanned the sky and the country at large,  
While the good dog stuck close by his feathered charge.



III.  
"What? They're over there now! I don't see a thing.  
Come—stir about, quick—get 'em up on the wing!"



IV.  
"I wonder if this beast is fooling with me.  
I'll be blamed if a single feather I see!"



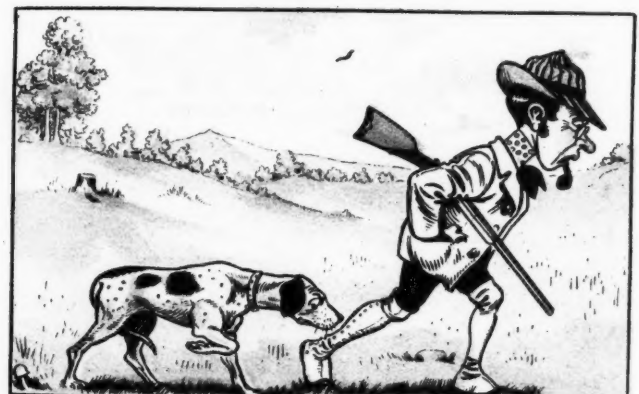
V.  
Then he wrathfully scolded the faithful brute,  
Who was wondering why Van Schott did n't shoot.



VI.  
He "fired" his gun at him to show his disgust,  
And vowed that in dogs he would ne'er again trust.



VII.  
"There, dern ye, ye see what ye let git away!"  
Growled the dog to Van Schott in his canine way.



VIII.  
And, all the way home, in a series of barks,  
The dog to Van Schott made insulting remarks.

COULD N'T SEE THE POINT.